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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2477 - 2479

Chapter 2477 Who Is This Beautiful Woman

"This is my best friend, Caspian," Larry replied.

"Hi, how is it going?" Caspian greeted the woman politely.

He smiled courteously at her. Caspian could tell from the woman's demeanor that she came from a prominent background.

"Hi, I'm Della, Larry's girlfriend," she replied bluntly.

Caspian was dumbfounded. Larry was stirred up by Della's self-serving reply and growled at her, "Della, watch your mouth!"

Despite his serious objection, Della did not seem to care at all about the man's perspective.

"Um, Larry, care to explain what's going on here?" Caspian stammered.

"It's as simple as what you are witnessing. Larry Norton here is my boyfriend. I'm Della Duff, his girlfriend," Della announced matter-of-factly.

Her explanation did little to alleviate Caspian's confusion as his gaze shifted between Larry and Della in befuddlement.

How is this possible? Larry only has eyes for Joan, it's unlikely that he has fallen for another girl. Was there some kind of accident that I don't know about?

"Caspian, don't listen to her. It's all nonsense," Larry tried to explain.

"Why are you so shy? That's not how I remember you," Della said while lifting the man's chin playfully with her finger.

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Why are they interacting so intimately? Caspian took a step back instinctively and attempted to retreat from the ward when the man on the hospital bed called out, "You stop right there!"

Caspian stopped midstride and asked, "Yes, Larry?"

"Who said you can excuse yourself?" Larry barked.

Caspian floundered, not knowing what to do next. Do I just stand here while the two flirt? I can't watch that any longer! At last, he smiled awkwardly and fell silent.

"There's something I need to discuss with Caspian. Leave us alone," Larry said aloofly to Della.

Instead of being offended by the man's indifference, Della paused briefly before retreating from the ward.

"Nice meeting you." Della patted Caspian's shoulder and smiled sweetly.

"Come over here!" Larry bellowed at Caspian who was left in a daze.

"Hey, Larry. What's your order? Just say the word and it'll be done."

He can't possibly believe Della's blabber? Larry studied the man's expression closely.

"Can you just pretend you haven't seen anything just now?"

But I did see what happened! Caspian found himself in a great dilemma as he scratched the back of his head.

"Can't you do it?" Larry asked.

"Frankly, it would be a lot easier if you just tell me what happened between you two." This will make more sense than forgetting what I have seen.

Larry pondered on Caspian's suggestion. Given his impulsive personality, it is quite possible that he may accidentally blab about Della in front of Joan.

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After much deliberation, Larry decided to come clean and told Caspian about everything that had transpired.

“Larry, you should have told me sooner. You have no idea how much we were concerned for your safety back home. Although you didn’t tell us you had been in an accident, Joan and I were so worried we couldn’t sleep every night thinking that something terrible might have happened to you!” Caspian was practically yelling at the end of his sentence.

This was the first time he raised his voice at Larry.

Nevertheless, Larry was not offended, knowing that Caspian had just channeled his concerns into anger.

“Haven’t I just told you everything? Can you please calm down?”

Caspian fell silent. The air became still in the room as tension grew. Caspian sat down on the sofa and tilted his head away from Larry to demonstrate his protest.

Since when has he become such a child? Larry looked at Caspian and wondered to himself.

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Must be bad influence from Jessica.

“So, how’s Jessica? Is she alright?” Larry tried to change the subject and deescalate the tension in the room.

“She’s alright. Everything is okay back home. We were just worried about you,” Caspian replied.

“That’s good.”

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In a corner outside Larry's ward, Della said to her bodyguards, "Don't worry about the Caspian fellow."

"You got it."

"But don't let down your guard on Larry."

She knew that Larry had called Caspian over to assist him in a plan that he was not ready to share with her.

In another development, Malcolm was imprisoned in a hotel by his brother. He was now watching television in a hotel room while his limbs were all tied up.

"How is it going over there, Malcolm?" Matthew asked with a smile.

"Can't complain," Malcolm answered nonchalantly.

Right now, I'm just thankful to be still alive.

"Tell me, Malcolm, how did you know Della and what's your relationship with her?" Matthew shot his brother a few questions at once.

Malcolm was slightly taken aback but soon pretended that he had heard nothing and let out a chuckle.

What's he laughing about? Matthew darted to his brother's side and glared at him with unblinking eyes.

"Speak!"

"There's not much to talk about. I've collaborated with tons of people in the past. I can't possibly remember each one of them, can I?" Malcolm teased.

He knew that the sudden appearance of Della on the scene could have something to do with Larry. I know Larry, he will try to save me at all costs.

"Well, she is going to acquire our company." Matthew tried to dangle a piece of information as bait.

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Huh? Is he worried now? Malcolm sneered.

He should have worried a long while ago. If he had demonstrated any managerial quality in the past, I wouldn't have needed to work myself so hard all these years.

"Your phone is ringing." Malcolm glanced at the coffee table and reminded his brother.

"Hi, Ms. Duff, to what do I owe the pleasure for this phone call?" Matthew feigned an excited voice as he spoke loudly into the phone.

"Mr. Matthew, how's the consideration coming along?" Della asked indifferently on the line.

What consideration? There's no way I'm considering that!

"Ms. Duff, I'm not trying to be difficult. But the fact is, my brother is really busy at the moment."

Here we go again. If he likes to dance, let's dance.

"Well, in that case, you're leaving me no choice. If I don't see Mr. Lancaster by this afternoon, I'll start working at your office tomorrow morning," Della said while preparing to hang up the call.

"Hold on, Ms. Duff. Let's talk for a moment, shall we?" Matthew pleaded.

This woman doesn't allow any room for discussions at all! A menacing smile flashed across Della's face as she said, "Alright then, I'm willing to wait until 12 a.m. tonight. After that, your company is mine."

The woman ended the call before Matthew could respond.

That b*tch! Why is she in such a hurry? Matthew started to pace anxiously in the room.

He did not want anyone meeting his brother. His plan was to let Malcolm disappear quietly from the surface of the earth. But his current situation did not allow him to expedite his plan. He was now caught between a rock and a hard place.

Malcolm, who was sitting on a sofa, looked at his brother with a satisfied smile on his face.

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It usually takes a crisis for someone to discover their talents, sometimes even grow into leadership. Unfortunately, he just doesn't have what it takes to be in a leader position.

"So, not knowing what to do next?" Malcolm broke the silence.

Matthew shot him a nasty glance but did not utter a word. He did not anticipate things to get out of hands so quickly.

"You really have some guts to have crossed Ms. Duff!" Matthew complained loudly.

Malcolm looked away and avoided his brother's glare. This matter must somehow concern me, or Matthew will not have shown up here at this hour.

"You are going to meet with her tonight," Matthew finally announced.

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Meet that Della? Malcolm whipped around to fix him with an incredulous stare, waiting for what Matthew had to say next.

"She asked for you specifically. And don't try anything," his brother warned him.

"Try anything"? He wasn't as cruel as his merciless little brother who would do anything and everything in order to achieve his goals.

"Is it about the partnership?" Malcolm asked.

There was no other reason why Matthew would allow him to go meet Della.

"Yes. As long as you get her to agree to cooperate with us, our company will expand by miles and miles. So you absolutely have to get her on board, alright?" Matthew suddenly softened, clutching Malcolm's arm tightly as he pleaded.

So he does care about the company's future! This newfound revelation comforted Malcolm somewhat.

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Later, the three of them gathered at a fancy Western restaurant.

“Ms. Duff, this is my elder brother and the owner of our company,” Matthew politely introduced them to each other over the dinner table.

She slowly lifted her head to stare at Malcolm, nodding silently in acknowledgment.

“Hello, Ms. Duff.” Malcolm reached his right hand out.

“Hello,” she replied, shaking his hand.

At least she has manners. He faintly smiled as he glanced over the woman in front of him. Beside him, Matthew’s mouth fell open. He had never once seen Della smile since the first time he met her.

It seemed there was much more to their relationship than it appeared on the surface.

“Right. Mr. Matthew, I need to have this conversation with Malcolm alone, so I’d appreciate it if you left us for a while,” Della said, turning her attention to him.

Is she chasing me away? What the hell! I’d been the one who set up this meeting between them!

“Of course. I’ll be in the washroom if you need me.” With a stony expression, he got up from his chair and made a beeline for the restaurant’s washroom.

“It’s nice to meet you, Mr. Lancaster. Larry sent me,” Della cut straight to the chase.

Malcolm merely smiled and didn’t say anything. He’d long guessed that this had been Larry’s idea.

She picked up her phone and dialed someone’s number, speaking curtly into the receiver, “Your friend is right in front of me. Talk to him.” She then handed the phone to him.

He knew what she was doing, and played along.

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After being in the business sector for a while, you eventually develop a sort of silent understanding with other businesspeople. In other words, Della wanted him to prove his identity.

“Mr. Lancaster, it’s me, Larry,” the man on the other side immediately greeted.

Malcolm’s voice shook as he told Larry gratefully, “Mr. Norton, how are you doing? I’m very thankful that you’ve been keeping me in your thoughts all this while.”

“I’m fine, Mr. Lancaster. Don’t worry about me,” Larry reassured him. “I’ve asked Della to come and rescue you, so don’t be scared.”

The two of them exchanged a few more simple sentences before Malcolm handed the phone back to Della, who ended the call.

“Keep it brief; what is Matthew’s objective? To force you off your high position and take control of the company? Or to kill you?” Della had never been a fan of beating around the bush.

“Both,” he answered in a low voice.

If it weren’t for her fierce requests to meet up with him, his little brother would have had him buried six feet under a long time ago.

“Do you have a plan?” she inquired.

“He’s completely taken control of me and the company, as well as ruined my reputation.”

Not many people believed that Malcolm would have done such horrible things for his own profit, but there were also some out there who believed that there wouldn’t be smoke without a fire.

“Alright. Leave everything up to me,” she nodded, picking up a piece of meat and savoring it deliciously.

Out of nowhere, Matthew suddenly appeared by their tableside. “How are things getting along with my brother, Ms. Duff?”

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